



LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE

October 30, 1971

#387

(Note to editors: Writing articles about situations like that in Northern Ireland always presents a problem. By the time you've gone into it enough to explain the economic and social origins of the crisis, citing figures like the 8.7% unemployment rate and pointing out the colonial nature of British rule, there doesn't seem to be much room left for the place itself, the people and their daily lives. We feel the two dispatches from Belfast that we are including in this packet go a long way toward remedying that lack in articles we have done in the past. For background information on the situation you might check back to the interview we printed in packet #374.)

NORTHERN IRELAND: GLIMPSES OF WAR

LIBERATION News Service

BELFAST (LNS)--We couldn't take the shortest route to the Falls Road; the Springfield Army Post was under attack. From a distance of three hundred yards we could see the results of a misplaced bomb, burning down a shop two doors down. The brick-built building contained the flames, so the shattered shop front window gave the appearance of a cinema screen engulfed in flames.

Turning into Clonard Gardens, we entered the Falls Road opposite Dunville Park.

It was there that only ten minutes earlier a British Army patrol had shot dead 'the simple fellow'. A giant of a man, mentally retarded, he could have been seen until that Saturday afternoon at the wake of every funeral in the district. His half-lost mind seemed fascinated by death.

According to the Army, he had been caught in the cross-fire of a guerrilla skirmish. Yet by-standers said that while he had been waiting for a bus, troops jumped out of a personnel carrier and gunned him down in cold blood.

Earlier that morning, soldiers of the Green Howards had shot down two sisters in the Omar Street area, four blocks from where we stood. The women had been sounding a fog-horn to warn residents of an impending Army raid.

One of them, witnesses said, was not quite dead when her bullet-ridden car crashed into a wall. Her head, almost totally severed by automatic fire, was held onto her neck by a thin strand of tissue. As the heart went on beating, it pushed blood up into the neck, so the head wobbled in time with the heart beats. The blood ran down onto the clean white slacks she had been wearing to keep warm.

In spite of, or perhaps because of, the tragedy, there was a carnival atmosphere in the Falls. A vast column of smoke rose from three double-decker buses, burning across the road to create a barricade, cutting the area off from the armor and infantry columns assembling beyond.

A crowd of some two thousand had gathered in a semi-circle on the safe side of the buses, which like a Pied Piper had attracted all the street-children of the district. Those children not watching the flames were staring in what shops

had been left open ready to spend their weekly pocket money in anticipation of the fun to come.

"Two ice-lollies and a pound of nails please, Miss."

"I'll serve you the ice-lollies but you're getting no nails from me."

"Let me see you throw one nail bomb, lad," says an elderly man, "and I'll put you over my knee and beat you black and blue."

The eight-year old urban guerrilla retreated shame-faced to a young group who were watching me suspiciously.

"See that fella," says their fair-haired ring-leader. "Listen to the way he talks, he's an agent of British Military Intelligence."

"Ask him for a cigarette," says one in handed-down clothes and oversized gum-boots.

"No, you ask him."

"Silly," interrupts the ring-leader, "you can't ask an agent of British Military Intelligence for a cigarette. That shows how much YOU know."

Suddenly two men separated from the semi-circle, the stock of a rifle protruding from each of their coats, running forward bent double. As the crowd began to disintegrate, the tiny figures of camouflage-colored troops could be seen, their uniforms standing out against the greyness of the city.

"Stay where you are," a voice spoke out. "See them soldiers, they've seen nothing yet. Clear the street and you'll give the boys' position away."

Steadily 'the boys' move forward, sprinting from doorway to doorway under the cover of the black smoke.

"Provisionals!" someone says, "Brave boys but they've got no brains."

"That's what I always say," agrees another. "It's all very well blowing up houses, but you've got to be able to build them up again afterwards. That's what puts the Officials ahead of them. They behave responsibly."

"I think they're Communist," says a lady disapprovingly, with that certain emphasis on the last word that turns it from a noun to a value-judgement.

The debate was interrupted by a burst of machine-gun fire from the distant soldiers.

The signal for a counter-attack--fast-moving Saracens and Ferret Armoured Cars swerved across the pavement, avoiding the burning buses.

The carnival over, in the space of ten seconds the war had become horribly real. Some flopped down, hoping to clutch cover in the gutter. Others simply ran, ran anywhere, away from the sound of the regular drumming of the automatic fire.

Following a group, I turned into a doorway of a terraced house in Clonard Street. There, in the tiny livingroom, with some twenty others I lay on the floor, benevolently watched over by kitch pictures of Pope John XXIII and James Connolly.

Outside, by a cul-du-sac, two little girls stood statue-like, terrified. Obviously they had hoped to reach the Clonard Monastery where several hundred had gone for protection, but to get there they would have to cross the road where an armoured car was racing up from the Falls.

In front of them they were faced with five hundred yards of blank brick wall, offering them no protection at all. The cul-du-sac, they saw as a trap rather than a refuge, and they were far too frightened to run back the way they came and to jump into a doorway. Like frightened animals in the headlights of a car, they stood paralysed until a man ran out of a nearby house, and picking them up in either arm carried them indoors.

The shooting over, I found my rubbery legs on the way back to Springfield Road. The fire by the Army post was still burning, and in the distance long columns of infantry could be seen moving up to strengthen the armour already in possession of the Falls. In two columns on either side of the street, eight men to each section, each man eight feet from the next in line, they tramped forward. A section, then a Saracen, then a gap, then another section. As monotonous as the flowered wall paper of the room that had given me shelter.

Battles in Belfast are rarely won by courage or fire-power. They are won by positions. Last week in the Market area of Belfast, for example, eight well-positioned guerrillas held off three hundred of the Black Watch for two hours.

The endless columns of infantry I saw now weren't going to confront their enemy. They were going to take up positions in a guerrilla war that will be won or lost through positions.

Neither were these lessons lost by the other side. As the Scots Guards pushed on forward, insurgent irregulars could be seen moving hastily through the Clonard area. As the second soldier of the third section crossed the Kashmir Road there was a burst of machine-gun fire. Missing the soldier it hit a passing taxi on its way to the Falls Road.

Smashing through the vehicle's structure, the bullets lodged in the calf of the driver's left leg. As the soldiers took cover, a group of civilians carried the wounded man to a nearby pub, while the section's radio operator called for an ambulance.

To the local residents, unanimously, the soldiers were 'pigs', 'fascists' and 'oppressors'. To the soldiers, with an almost racist attitude, the residents were 'Fenian bastards', 'Irish sluts', and just plain 'rebels'.

Yet a wounded man transcends these categories; he becomes a human being. So, for a rare moment in an endless war, friend and enemy cooperated with an intensity that increased with the sound of the ambulance's siren, and faded away again as the ambulance drove off in the direction of the Royal Victoria Hospital.

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trick or treat trick or treat

NORTHERN IRELAND: HOW BRITISH TROOPS BECAME THE ENEMY

LIBERATION News Service

BELFAST (LNS)--On that fateful day of August the 16th 1969, when British troops moved into Belfast, they were welcomed with open arms by the Catholic population who had been living in terror of daily attacks by Protestants.

Now, a little over two years later that same population wants them to leave. What went wrong? When? Why? From numerous interviews with anonymous witnesses, here follows a brief answer.

"I'll never forget that day, in August. You could feel it in the air. Just feel it. I rushed over to the Do-It-Yourself shop to get some hard-board for the windows--all sold out. I came back and they were openly displaying guns at Mackies (a Springfield Road factory, employing Protestants from the Shankill).

"My daughter works for the Imperial Civil Service in the centre of town. They could feel it there too. They said to her at lunchtime: 'You live in the Springfield area, you better get home quick!'"

"It started at two o'clock. They fired the houses on Cupur Street and just started shooting. We had no guns--nothing. When they brought the fire engines up, the firemen just ran with fear."

"The priests at the monastery brought everyone in and made them lie on the floor. Then they rang up the Ardoyne Fire Station. They said, 'Tell us how to work the engines and we'll try to put out the blaze ourselves.' The Ardoyne Station just laughed at them."

"Some Whippet Armoured Cars were driving up and down, raking the area with machine-gun fire. I went over to one, thinking it was the Army. I said: 'For God's sake help these people.' The turret opened and there was a B-Special. (The B-Specials are riot police of the Protestant government.) I got the shock of my life."

"The Army advance units came in, but they had no orders. NO ORDERS. They just stood helpless while the U V F (Ulster Volunteer Force, military wing of the Protestant Orange Order) fired on them. Then the next day the Hampshires moved in. Marched six abreast up the Springfield Road. We cheered them. My God how we cheered them. We invited them in for tea, they were such nice boys."

WHAT WENT WRONG THEN?

"Well, it went OK 'till the Summer of '70. That's when the Scottish troops arrived. I was flabbergasted. They're our traditional enemies. There've been no Scottish troops in the Falls since the Troubles of the '20s. But it wasn't just THAT. It was the events of the third of July that did it."

EXACTLY WHAT DID HAPPEN ON THE THIRD OF JULY?

"The Director of Operations, Lt. Gen. Sir Ian Freeland, has declared that there is to be an immediate curfew until further notice in the area of the Lower Falls. All civilians in the locality are to get into their houses immediately and to stay

there. After military occupation anyone found in the street will be arrested."

General Freeland's message was broadcast from helicopters, landrovers, TV and Radio. Everyone heard it. Everyone except the elderly, dear Patrick Elliman. He walked out of his house to take a stroll and was shot dead through the head.

Already there had been a considerable shift of population from the outlying areas to the center of the ghetto. Damp, tiny terraced houses (three rooms and a kitchen), some totally lacking in sanitation, were often holding as many as a dozen, in some cases extended families, in other cases just friends.

It was a Friday, a day with little food in the house, Saturday was the main shopping day of the week. Overcrowded families without food, forced to stay indoors for three days. According to a report by the Central Citizen's Defense Committee the most noticeable feature was the "stillness" of it all.

On Saturday the arms search began, carried out largely by Scottish troops. Doors smashed, fireplaces ripped off the walls, windows broken. In Leeson Street, stronghold of the then non-violent Official IRA, residents were forced to stand for three-quarters of an hour, their hands against the wall, while their houses were being searched. In Lincoln Street a nine-month pregnant woman had a stillbirth. In Merrion Street witnesses described troops as behaving like 'drunken convicts'.

No announcement of the end of the curfew had been given, but on the Sunday residents were allowed out for two hours to attend Mass.

During Church, a thousand women gathered in Springfield Road with food and provisions to relieve those under curfew. Turning left into Falls Road, they continued up through Leeson Street. Troops ordered to prevent their progress were unable to bring themselves to do so. Meanwhile in Casement Park another 3000 women gathered with provisions, coming down into the curfew area in the afternoon.

The curfew had been broken. Never again was a curfew order issued in the Falls area. Never again were the British troops invited in for tea.

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SACRED INDIAN GRAVES ROBBED IN WASHINGTON STATE

TACOMA, Washington (LNS)--Sacred Indian graves are being robbed in Washington state not only of their gold and jewels, but of the bones of the dead as well.

The going price for an Indian skull, ashtray is \$75 in California.

The father of Chief Joseph, one of the most brilliant of all Indian chiefs, was buried in the mid-1880's. His skull is now being used as an ashtray by a Washington dentist.

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DPS ARRESTED IN WASHINGTON ANTI-WAR PROTEST: RALLY FLICKS OFF "EVICT NIXON IN '72" CAMPAIGN

WASHINGTON (LNS)--Two hundred ninety-eight anti-war protesters were arrested in Washington October 26 en route to the White House as part of the October actions planned by the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice. The action had been scheduled for October 25 but Washington's own monsoon season postponed the event for 24 hours.

The arrests followed a rally of about 1000 held on the Washington Monument grounds to kick off the "Evict Nixon in '72" campaign. Rennie Davis stressed the importance of planning well in advance for the San Diego GOP convention in August of 1972 and hoped that a million people would show up there to say nix to Nixon.

Also featured were the Ann Arbor rock group the UP, and speeches by Dick Gregory, Dave Dellinger, and George Smith. Smith was a POW held in South Vietnam for two years and released in 1963. Upon his return to the U.S. he was held incommunicado by the Army for 5 months.

The high point of the rally was a phone call placed to the PRG of Vietnam in Paris and broadcast on the PA system to the crowd. Warm greetings were exchanged on both ends of the wire and the Vietnamese 7 point peace proposal as a key to the release of all POWs and an end to the war was discussed.

After the rally, about 600 people led by the San Francisco Mime Troupe guerrilla band sang and chanted their way down from the Monument towards the White House. As they reached Pennsylvania Ave. 300 Metropolitan Police on scooters with clubs surrounded them at which point 300 people sat down in the midst of rush hour traffic.

All arrests were peaceful. People were charged with disorderly conduct and bail was set at \$50 despite the wage price freeze. Most are out now. This was the first large use of non-violent civil disobedience since Mayday.

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CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE KILLS BILL FOR GAY FREEDOM-- "THIS IS SACRAMENTO, NOT SODOM," SAY OPPONENTS

SACRAMENTO, Calif (LNS)--The California Assembly has killed a bill legalizing homosexuality for consenting adults.

Opponents read from the Bible during an emotional two-hour floor debate and scolded their colleagues that "The capital of this state is Sacramento -not Sodom or Gomorrah."

Apparently swayed by this appeal to geography, the legislature delivered a final vote of 41 to 26 against passage. The Gay Liberation Front announced it would launch a campaign to defeat lawmakers who voted against the bill when they run for reelection.

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THE N. L. BILL WILL BE COMING SOON. PLEASE PAY

TO TELL THE TRUTH, LAOS STYLE

by Thom Marlowe

Pacific News Service/LIBERATION News Service

VIENTIANE, Laos (LNS) -- "What's happening in Laos?" a curious Vientiane-bound traveller asked his companion

"Who knows?" was the reply.

They are not the only ones in the dark. For the 800,000 to one million refugees (approximately one-third of the country's population), many of whom used to live on the Plain of Jars, life seems a good deal less than reasonable. They are now living in a dusty arid area less than 30 miles from Vientiane, administrative capital of the Royal Laotian Government. Many live in cardboard shacks.

These refugees were evacuated from their homes more than a year and a half ago by Royal Lao soldiers, under the aegis of the U.S., and were promised farmland and food until the first crop would be harvested. In addition, they were told, their Pathet Lao-issued money would be exchanged for Government Kips when they got to their new homes.

Why then, many ask, will there be no first crop, and why is there no suitable farmland? And why are they still trying, unsuccessfully, to exchange their Pathet Lao money for Kips?

According to Jack Williamson, Deputy Director of Refugee Relief for USAID, the displaced civilian population of Laos has a slanted view of what has happened to it.

"A lot of them feel they are being picked on," Williamson said, sitting in his office at the main USAID compound in Vientiane.

Refugee Relief is but one of many offices inside the USAID compound -- a walled, fortress-like installation which contains a swimming pool, a plush club and bar, a movie theater, and a supermarket.

"They feel that they are the only ones being pushed around," Williamson continues. "They don't see the whole picture or understand the picture throughout Southeast Asia."

On the whole, though, U.S. officials are reluctant to discuss the refugee problem. Some refuse to admit that a problem exists. A common complaint of the refugees is that they were bombed out of their villages, but such claims are false, according to U.S. Ambassador G. McMurtrie Godley.

"I approve every bomb strike myself," said Ambassador Godley, a large jovial-looking man. "And I certainly don't condone the bombing of villages."

When asked about Phantom Jets which had been flying over the royal capital of Luang Prabang, the commander of the first military region Brigadier General Hiao Sayavong replied, "There are no U.S. jets bombing in this area of Laos. The planes you have seen are all on their way to North Vietnam."

About an hour later, a group of three Phantoms dropped napalm several kilometers away. The general was not available for comment.

The U.S. Information officer in Luang Prabang claimed that same day to have no knowledge of the bombing. That evening, another group of the supersonic jets dropped their explosives within eyesight of the city.

When asked the next day what the bombing was about, the official replied, "You'll have to speak to the military attache." The attache, an American major, was not available for interview.

Days later, when asked to what extent the Luang Prabang areas was being bombed, the U.S. I.S. (U.S. Information Service) Officer in charge of press relations replied, "As much as is necessary."

One point on which both Lao and American officials agree is that about one million people are still living in areas being bombed; areas comprising two-thirds of the country.

Asked about the bombing of Sam Neua in the north, the director of U.S. I.S. in Laos stated that there had been no bombing of that area of northern Laos for several years. Several days later, the Pentagon announced that it had been conducting intensive bombing over northern Laos for the past several years.

The effects of the bombing are widespread. To go almost anywhere in Laos outside of Vientiane is difficult. One of the few practicable methods is Air America, the vast CIA-run chartered airline, whose planes fill the skies over Laos.

An American missionary who has spent nine years here said he often used Air America "to get around." While handing a picture postcard of Jesus Christ to a little Meo girl in Ban San, a sprawling Meo refugee resettlement area 160 miles north of Vientiane, designated "Site 272" by USAID, the Father said, "I've never seen evidence of anyone being bombed here." He added, however, "It is necessary to bomb the Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese because they are the enemy."

The Meo Tribespeople -- about 300,000 of whom are now settled in "Site 272" -- have suffered catastrophic losses in the war. An estimated 50% of the Meo men have died thus far. The result of the decimation is that many of the soldiers in Vang Pao's CIA-backed mercenary army, and the Royal Lao Army too, are children.

"A lot of the kids in the field are only 10 or 11 years old," said one American who has spent the past two years in Laos with USAID. "I've seen kids whose rifles were taller than they were."

But there are no children in the Army according to a spokesman for the Lao Defence Ministry. "There is no one under 18 years of age in our armed forces," he stated.

A lieutenant in Vang Pao's headquarters at Vang Vien had a different story to tell.

"Some of the whildren in my company," the lieutenant said, "are so young that they cannot carry a weapon. We must use them as bearers for food and ammunition."

The lieutenant has been with Vang Pao two years, and is a Thai mercenary. His words are backed up easily: adolescent soldiers are plainly visible to the naked eye anywhere one travels in

Laos.

Returning to Vientiane (the only area of Laos most Americans see), from either "Site 272" or the Plain of Jars refugee camp is a shock. It is like landing on another planet. In Vientiane there is no evidence of the war. The small business district thrives, with wealthy shoppers, Asian and Western alike and expensive villas and small mansions dot the outskirts of the town. Everywhere, as in Vietnam, one sees the "friendly" USAID handshake emblem.

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[Note to editors: see graphics section for a photo to accompany this story]

IS BIRD-WATCHING COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY

by Jonas
Shelter/LIBERATION News Service

A morning spent following the flight of birds,
slipping through the silent forest,
the occasional harsh cry of a vigilant crow
which has seen my yellow shirt moving beneath the
trees,

announcing my foreign presence to a threatened world
There is an anguish loose within me,
sparrows scatter as I approach

I wander, aware that during those hours leisurely
spent,
hunger edged gaunt bodies closer still toward death,
children scraped among garbage for food scraps,
bullets caught moving flesh, tearing into muscle,
blood soaking ground,
while the millions of dollars, the motivation and
energy

that could have saved them
built B52's and ABM's, anti-personnel bombs of
vicious intent
or was consumed in luxury yachts and in cocktail
lounges

If a revolution is to come which can change this
horror,
hundreds must abandon birdwatching,
and take up hunting?
There is no time to stand on a winding forest trail
and squint in amazement at the antics of a
chickadee

(I picture shotgun blasted flesh, shredded feathers.)
Is there no other way?

Walking back toward the house deep in thought,
sparrows scatter as I pass,
a crow hangs high in the air above me

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AGNEW SAYS GREECE IS A "WHIPPING BOY"

WASHINGTON (LNS)-- According to Spiro Agnew, in the U.S., "there is a focusing in on the details of the internal workings of another government, one of our most important allies in NATO and yet we hear none of these exploratory urgings being directed to anybody else. It just seems to me that Greece is a favorite whipping boy of certain opinion in this country."

Page 5 LIBERATION News Service

TUPAMAROS DROP THOUSANDS OF LEAFLETS OVER CAPITAL, MARKING ANNIVERSARY OF CHE'S DEATH AND PANDO OPERATION

MONTEVIDEO, Uruguay (LNS) -- Despite increased government security precautions on the day that marks the anniversaries both of the death of Che Guevara in Bolivia in 1967 and of the capture by Uruguayan Tupamaro guerrillas of the city of Pando in 1969, a Tupamaro commando group seized a light plane and forced the pilot to fly over the capital city dropping thousands of leaflets.

After dropping a total of 50,000 leaflets over the capital and the nearby town of Canelones, the plane landed in an airstrip of this city's Aero Club. The Tupamaros made their getaway in a car that was waiting for them.

Recalling the death of the "immortal hero, Major Che Guevara," the leaflets read in part:

"In the name of those who died and those who suffered tortures, in the name of the oppressed and of those deprived of bread and land, the struggle will continue.

--Tupamaros National Liberation Movement
There will be a homeland for all or a
homeland for none."

The leaflets bore the emblem of the Tupamaros and were signed "Commando Pando, October 8."

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[Note to editors: for more information on the Tupamaros' capture of the city of Pando in 1969 see the long article which appeared in LNS #384.]

REAGAN SIGNS BILL REPEALING CASTRATION LAW

SACRAMENTO, Calif. (LNS) -- Gov. Ronald Reagan of California signed legislation repealing a 1913 law which gave the state authority to castrate inmates considered morally degenerate or habitual criminals.

Under the old law, a prison doctor could order a convict "asexualized" who had two convictions for rape, intent to commit rape, or seduction. Also, any prisoner could be castrated if he had been convicted three times for any other crime.

The 1913 law has been attacked in the Berkeley Tribe and other underground newspapers during the last year. Although the number of castrations carried out under the old law is not known, there have been reports that among the chief victims have been prisoners of mental institutions and homosexuals.

Despite the repeal, castrations may continue in California if prosecutors, judges, prison officials, or parole officers offer lenient treatment to prisoners they wish to castrate in exchange for their cooperation.

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TRY TO PAY YOUR BILLS EARLY THIS MONTH FOLKS
IF YOU CAN

#35 October 30, 1971 more

GAYS VS. VICE

by Franz Martin

The Fifth Estate/LIBERATION News Service

DETROIT (LNS)--For a gay male one of the most dangerous realities of life, and the most likely instance of legal oppression, is entrapment and arrest for "accosting and soliciting."

A city ordinance prohibiting A & S is the primary weapon used by vice squads in Detroit and other cities in their continuing campaign against gay people--a campaign which nets thousands of victims each year

According to a Detroit ordinance (section 39-1-52), "accosting and soliciting to commit an immoral act" is a misdemeanor (a minor crime) punishable by up to three months in prison and a \$500 fine. The definition of an "immoral act" is, of course, open to interpretation. It is on this point, legal vagueness, that the law is being challenged in the Michael Fylstra case, currently being considered by a Detroit Traffic Court Judge.

The Vice Squad is charged with the duty of clearing the streets of "undesireable elements", that is, prostitutes and homosexuals, and the A & S law is how they do it. Not content to wait for a citizen's complaint before arresting, the vice officers actively pursue their victims, patrolling in plain clothes and unmarked cars through neighborhoods known to be frequented by gays.

Since nearly all solicitation, even by professional prostitutes, is directed only at those who are clearly interested, there would probably never be any citizen's complaints, and therefore no need for arrests. This particular "crime without a victim" need not be a crime at all.

But the vice squad does its job with a vengeance, and entrapment is the name of their game. First find a gay victim. How to know who's gay? Maybe it's a well-known cruising area, a place where gays often go to meet, or maybe he just "looks" gay. Whether he really is or not is less important.

With his partner out of sight, the plainclothes vice officer approaches his victim. In a bathroom he may expose himself suggestively, or ask the victim to "go to my car", or "for a walk". Or he may directly suggest that they have sex on the spot.

The victim may agree, decline, or refuse to say anything--it doesn't matter. For by then the game is already played and we are always the losers. A badge is flashed, his partner appears as a "witness" to the "crime" and the victim is on his way to jail.

"Until I was entrapped, I never really thought that cops deserved the name 'pig'," said one man after his arrest in Hudson's Department Store downtown.

"But these guys were pigs! I was handcuffed in Hudson's and walked several blocks to the First Precinct station for booking, all the way being ridiculed and insulted with every foul name they knew. They even made racist jokes about blacks we passed on the sidewalk, for no apparent reason.

Their whole behavior was vicious."

Another recent victim, who dared to protest such treatment after being arrested, was severely beaten by the vice officers and required hospitalization. He then got an additional charge of "resisting arrest."

Too often the gay victim, afraid of publicity, or lacking money, legal aid, and the time to prepare a defense, will enter a plea of "guilty" or "no contest", be found guilty and fined, usually \$50 to \$500. Even if he should plead "not guilty" and attempt a defense, the "expert" testimony of the two law officers is almost always accepted as sufficient evidence of guilt.

Because they fear exposure of the clandestine life they are forced to lead, gays are terribly vulnerable to this legal blackmail. Sometimes the extortion takes even more blatant forms. In many cases of entrapment, the arresting vice officer will propose a deal--freedom for a fee. Sums of \$200 and more have been paid by entrapment victims to avoid the danger and embarrassment of arrest.

The accosting and soliciting ordinance is used against gays everywhere, and entrapment is a common procedure. This doesn't have to be the case however. In some cities a strong gay movement has had some success in fighting against the use of entrapment tactics. The A & S laws are being challenged in many places, including three cases currently on trial here in Detroit.

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TIGHTENING THE SCREWS: POLICE RAID SAN DIEGO COLLECTIVE

SAN DIEGO (LNS)--As the days slip by towards the Republican National Convention next summer, the screws are being put on people who are helping get together demonstrations against the event.

A collective working around the convention and putting out a GI paper called the OB Rag was raided by the San Diego police on October 21.

At 9:45 PM three people were sitting in the house when four cops came in. Outside a ring of cops had encircled the house. Neighbors later told the people who were raided that the whole block had been cordoned off. They also found out that an FBI agent had been checking around and asking questions about them the week before.

The police claimed that they had gotten an anonymous phone call, charging that "a woman was being attacked in the house."

According to one member of the collective, the cops "looked confused--they thought they would at least find some stash, not to mention M-16s in the cellar."

The collective is filing a suit in Federal court to stop further raids by police on the grounds that such raids violate the civil rights of the occupants of the house. The three people who were at home during the raid are suing the police for \$25,000 each in damages for "mental injury" and the "damage to their good standing in the community."

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Quicksilver Times/LIBERATION News Service

Being a gay woman in this time and place is very confusing, and don't let anybody tell you different

First of all, there's your mother telling you that good old Sally down the street just got married and her husband is so good looking, and your younger sister is almost engaged to Fred, and what about you dear, well, I suppose you're just particular, you'll find the right man yet.

And she talks about her future grandchildren, and assumes that you are just going to follow right along

You have visions of saying, "Well, mum, I think you'd better give the bassinet and silver christening cup to Sally, and the monogrammed linen to my sister, because I'm never getting married. I'm in love with my roommate and we love each other very much, and we're going to live together for the rest of our lives."

But then you imagine her face after you've said that, so you go along nodding and letting her believe that the right man will come along

Suppose you live in a dormitory, with hundreds of other girls who are talking incessantly about John and Richard and Charlie, and getting pinned and cavaliered and engaged.

Unless you pretend to be very unfriendly they ask you about all those things, and what can you say about going to the movies with your girlfriends, what can you say when they nicely try to fix you up with their handsome brother in town for the weekend?

So you go out with their brother and try to figure out how to avoid kissing him good night without being unfriendly, or else you make up all this school work you have to do

Every once in a while someone will say something about the two girls down the hall, and your stomach drops down to your feet, but you can't let your facial expression change the slightest bit, you just pretend to be naive, or not very interested.

Sometimes you have a good friend but she has a boyfriend, so on Saturday night, she goes off with him, and when they've had a fight you have to listen to how it was and how upset she is

Sometimes you put your arm around her and she looks at you as if to tell you to stop being sick. So you start talking about her boyfriend again

You go to classes and try to keep from looking at the beautiful girl who sits across from you. You flirt with the professor because he expects it. You look in the index of your sociology book under homosexuality and hardly anything about lesbians, maybe a paragraph that says that lesbians haven't been studied very much. Big help

Maybe Gay Liberation comes to talk to the class. Your stomach drops down to your feet again, you sit and take very objective-looking notes, staring at your notebook and wonder if anyone's being fooled

Afterwards people make comments about how they knew one gay guy in high school who was really sick, or how they think that homosexuality should be legalized, but they wouldn't want their children to know any homosexuals. Or they think that homosexual marriages are okay, but they can't stand those blatant fags and dykes

Or maybe you have a job typing or waiting tables. With a boss who comes and looks over your shoulder. Maybe he doesn't even pinch your ass, but one of the ways he keeps from being bored is to flirt with you, ask you if you have a boyfriend, buy you coffee, wink at you every once in a while

And naturally he expects you to play right along. You're sitting there at the typewriter, trying to smile, trying to answer noncomitally, when what you want to do is stare him down and announce, "Mr. Smith, I am not available. I am not a member of that group of females that you feel you can play games with. Get fucked!"

However, if he didn't fire you immediately, he could make your life hell, by threatening to fire you, by waiting for the morning when you have just had a fight with your lover, and yelling about how you're the worst typist he's ever hired, and ugly to boot

So you pretend to be dumb; or very much in love, or busy. Not letting any crack show in the veneer

Then in the evenings you're afraid that someone will see you with your butchy friends and guess. You kind of wish they would, but you hope they don't. And it's so nice to be around other gay women that you go drinking a lot, and dancing and partying, trying to forget about going back to work. Which means that your life is divided neatly into two parts, neither of which acknowledge the other

Some days you feel like you might go into work and flirt with the other secretary by mistake, before you realized where you were. When you have hangovers you wish you could settle down and lead an integrated life. But all the time you have to hitch up your skirt or pants and go off to get through with it

If you work in a factory maybe there are other lesbians around

But there's also a lot of straight women around, sitting next to you, talking about their husbands and boyfriends. Every time a gay woman walks by, your head doesn't move but your eyes follow her down the aisle. When the woman next to you asks "Is that a woman or a man?" you answer "Woman" and drop the subject

You can sit and do your job and not talk to anybody about anything personal. You can lie through your teeth, hoping you can remember to be consistent. Or when anyone looks at you like they think you're weird, you can look back like "Sure I'm weird you

wanna make anything of it?" and go on talking about the weather.

You'll be accepted as a weird person. One thing you cannot do is forget you are a strong, worth while person. Nobody's going to give you any support for being gay. They can dig it if it looks like you're enjoying yourself, but how can you expect them to encourage you when it gets hard? We have to give ourselves our own support. Most of the time it seems like it's worth it.

-30-

TAIWAN OUT, CHINA IN:
NIXON CALLS U.N. CELEBRATION
"A SHOCKING DEMONSTRATION"

NEW YORK (LNS)--Salim Ahmed Salim, the young chief delegate from Tanzania, jumped to his feet and led his colleagues in a victory jig in front of the General Assembly hall.

At the opposite end of the hall, where the United States delegation occupies a front-row seat, George Bush, the American chief delegate slumped dejectedly in his chair.

It was exactly 9:47 pm, on October 25, and the United Nations General Assembly had just voted 59 to 55 with 15 abstentions to smash the U.S.'s last ditch effort to prevent the expulsion of Nationalist China from the U.N.

That effort took the form of a resolution which would have required a 2/3 majority vote in order to kick out the Nationalists had it passed.

The final blanket vote, 76-35, to expel Taipei and to admit Peking came some ninety minutes later and was clearly an anti-climax. Liu Chia-h, Nationalist China's permanent delegate to the Assembly and his colleagues sat silently throughout the proceedings and left with heads bowed after the final vote was taken.

Branding the vote, "a moment of infamy," Bush admitted surprise at the outcome. "I thought we would win and it would be very, very close." In the weeks preceeding the vote the United States pushed their "two China" policy in a lobby unequalled in the history of the U.N.

That policy would have allowed Taipei to remain at the U.N. while admitting Peking and giving her a prized Security Council seat.

Peking has said consistently that the People's Republic of China does not recognize Taiwan and would not accept membership to the U.N. if the Chiang Kai-shek government was there too.

At the time of the decisive vote on the two-thirds requirement many prominent Administration and Congressional figures were unaware that it was taking place. Most people had assumed that the crucial voting would not begin until the next day, and the U.S. Mission had voiced confidence that one more day of diplomatic effort would produce the necessary votes.

However, late in the afternoon the U.S. delegation, a long time

agitated for Peking's admission to the U.N., judged the time as right and began to push for a quick decision.

Bush soon got the gist of what was happening and hurried away to consult with Washington for over an hour. But it was too late for consultation. A few hours later the 59-55 vote flashed over the scoreboard and pandemonium broke loose throughout the assembly room.

At first, official Washington reacted with outward calm, but in a statement to the press on October 27, White House press secretary Ronald Diegler called the cheering, handclapping and dancing of U.N. delegates "a shocking demonstration" of "undisguised glee" and "personal animosity" toward American policy. He said that Nixon found the behavior offensive and undignified and had warned that it "could very seriously impair support for the United Nations in the country and in the Congress."

Diegler said the U.S. did not intend to retaliate against the nations involved in the gleeful display but he said that Nixon feared that the "spectacle" might "affect foreign aid allocations." Diegler pointedly remarked that "some of the delegates who conducted themselves in this manner" were from countries to which the United States has been "quite generous".

-50-

THE KOSMIC BEAN AND OTHER NATURAL FOODS

Carolina Plain Dealer/LIBERATION News Service

The cosmic bean is the soybean, a versatile and potent food. The soybean is known as the "meat without a bone". It is the only vegetable that contains all the proteins found in meat so it can actually take the place of meat.

Most people don't like the taste of plain cooked soybeans. They don't have much flavor, and they would be boring as a steady diet. But with a little imagination you can make some really good meals. For example:

Soyburgers--Mash cooked soybeans. Add bean sprout or any other vegetable to the mixture. Add your favorite spices. Shape into patties, cover with bread crumbs and fry like a hamburger.

Soybeans used to be a drag to prepare, but it isn't so anymore. The beans can be ground into a flour that is as nutritious as egg yolks. It can be used by itself or mixed with grain flours to make cakes and breads.

If you are among those who still insists on meat in your diet, try rolling the meat in soy flour before you cook it.

In milk form, soybeans are great for babies who are allergic to cow juice. Also with soy milk you can whip up some really far-out yogurt and cheese, called tofu.

Soy sprouts (sprouted soy beans) are good either raw or eaten as they are.

To sprout the beans, simply cover the bottom of a pyrex dish with a layer of beans and cover them with lukewarm water. Let them soak overnight.

The next morning rinse and cover the glass dish with another, the same size and shape, and put the dish in a place where the temperature is warm and even. (I put them in a kitchen cabinet.)

Twice each day pour off the water and add fresh water to barely cover beans. On the second day the tender bean sprouts should hatch. Usually they will be ready to eat by the third or fourth day.

The shells of the beans will rise to the top and are easily removed. After removing the shells, you can zap the sprouts with some vegetable spices; and they are ready to turn their powers loose on whoever eats them.

Mung beans, alfalfa seeds, lentils, and other types of beans can be sprouted in the same way. These are also very nutritious. These beans along with soybeans are practical convenient foods and they only cost pennies per serving.

If you have an organic garden, legumes are ideal, not only as a food source, but also for putting nutrients back into the soil, which may have been drained by other plants.

-30-

VETERANS DAY GI ROUNDUP

FORT CAMPBELL, Ky. (LNS)--Four hundred people, 320 of them active-duty GIs from the 137th Airborne Division who have recently returned from Vietnam, took part in an anti-war march outside of Fort Campbell, Ky. on Veterans Day, October 25. The demonstration was organized by a group of GIs called the Veterans Day March Committee.

In a statement of purpose, the GIs wrote:

"We want to show the public and the Army Brass that we GIs are tired of being used as machines. We are fed up with getting charged double and sometimes triple prices by the local merchants and landlords surrounding any army base.

"We are weary of fighting wars that we and the majority of the American people do not support and sick of breaking and disrupting strikes we believe are for the betterment of the workers. We want to show the American people we are supposed to be protecting that we are against all future Vietnams

"Also we hope to create solidarity among Fort Campbell GIs so that every harrassed and oppressed GI will have an organization that is united and strong enough to represent and voice his grievances and discontent and make worthwhile changes for his rights as a GI, American citizen and human being."

At the rally following the march, GIs were urged to attend the meetings to form a GI union. Richard Chase, an ex-GI who spent two years in Ft. Leavenworth for refusing to participate in Army riot control training, spoke and Country Joe MacDonald sang and talked to GIs.

KILLEEN, Texas (LNS)--Killeen, a town of some 4000 huddles outside huge Fort Hood Army Base with its 45,000 servicemen and women. On Monday night, October 25, a hundred and ten GIs and civilian supporters were busted for parading without a permit. The Veterans Day march was to protest American aggression in Southeast Asia and the high prices charged GIs by Killeen merchants.

The Fort Hood United Front asked the Killeen City Council for a parade permit as far back as Sept. 27, but their request was denied on the grounds that the group requesting the permit was a "nuisance."

The Front requested a permit again on Oct. 14 and this time they brought a petition signed by over 800 GIs in favor of the march. But Killeen Mayor James Lindley refused to consider it. The Front then filed a suit in the Federal District Court in Waco, Texas requesting the court to order the city to grant the permit.

The Federal District Court held a hearing on the Front's motion Oct. 20. At the same time, the city of Killeen asked for an injunction preventing the Front from marching down the sidewalks on Veterans Day.

But District Court Judge Roberts refused to take action on either request and suggested that the Front and the city try to settle their differences.

After the court hearing, Mayor Lindley said that if the Front would post \$4000 cash to help defray the cost of policing the scheduled march, he would grant the permit request. The Front did not have \$4000 so refused the deal.

The Front tried again to negotiate with the city on Oct. 22 but the city manager said that he knew nothing about the matter and that the mayor, city attorney, and all other knowledgeable people were unavailable.

On Monday morning, one hour before the march was scheduled to begin, city representatives presented the mayor's new offer to GIs and supporters gathered outside the starting point of the parade, the Oleo Strut (local GI coffeehouse).

Mayor Linley said he would grant a permit if marchers agreed to limit the parade to 3 city blocks walking on the sidewalk without signs and if the Front would post \$500 to defray police costs.

The would-be marchers unanimously agreed to negotiate with the mayor if he came personally to the Oleo Strut to make the offer. Lindley refused and told the police chief to get things started.

As the march began, cops told the demonstrators that if they put down their signs and did not chant they would be allowed to walk down the sidewalk for 3 blocks, but the group refused.

One block along the march they were surrounded by cops in full riot gear and forced by swinging nightsticks to the station. There 110 people were locked up in two 8-man cells. They were given no water for eight hours and when they began to sing

and chant, cops sprayed mace into the cells and turned out all the lights

At the arraignment Monday night, bond was set at \$200. Two people pled guilty and were fined \$100. Tuesday morning county court Judge Busby ordered that all GIs be released in their won recognizance and that others be released after posting bond.

The trial date is December 2

ANNISTON, Ala. (LNS)--Fort McClellan in Anniston, Alabama is a WAC (Women's Air Corp) Basic Training Base and is also responsible for much Army Chemical warfare research. On Veterans Day, 1971 one hundred people, 15 of them active-duty GIs and WACs marched from the fort to a park nearby to protest the war. Their demands were:

1. total immediate withdrawal
2. stop chemical research
3. constitutional rights for GIs and WACs
4. better living conditions

- 50 -

(See graphic section for pictures to accompany this roundup. Thanks to USSR for this information. More news of Veterans Day actions will follow in the next packet.)

DEFECTS IN TERNS LINKED TO POLLUTION

NEW YORK (LNS)-- Researchers said it looked like the tern population on Great Gull Island in Long Island Sound had been gorging themselves on thalidomide--chicks were being born with four legs or just stumps for legs, with crossed mandibles, eyes that were too small, and without down feathers.

But the birds were victims of something much more dangerous and widespread than thalidomide ever threatened to be; they were victims of their environment--of water, air and food filled with toxic chemicals and other poisons.

Dr. Robert W. Risebrough, an ecologist at the University of California in Berkeley, and Helen Hays, an ornithologist at the American Museum of Natural History began a study of the birds after deformities had been reported among young terns on Great Gull Island in 1969.

The reports of deformities grew, starting with three in 1969 and reaching more than 20 in 1970 and 1971 in a population of about 2,000 young terns.

The researchers knew that such totals were above normal. One tern study made recently in Florida turns up one abnormality--an extra claw on a tern's foot--among a sample of 10,000 birds.

Tests to determine the cause of the deformities pointed the finger at PCB, a highly toxic relative of DDT that has been used industrially

in the production of plastics, paints, printing ink and paper. Risebrough found that PCB levels in the terns and the fish they eat ranged as high as 55 times the Federal limit for poultry. Recent laboratory tests with PCB have produced chickens that developed deformities similar to the ones noted in the long island terns.

"The problem here is time," one scientist noted, when commenting on the report. "In short-lived animals such abnormalities show up quickly. But with humans, the time element is so long and we tend not to worry so much about something that may not happen for 20 years."

- 50 -

TUCSON GRAND JURY INDICTMENTS DROPPED

TUCSON (LNS)--The Tucson Grand Jury indictment charging Martha Sowerwine, Jeff Hoff and Gary Wilson with conspiracy to manufacture firearms and possession of pipe bombs has been dismissed. The Justice Department order to drop charges came just one day before Jeff and Martha were scheduled to go on trial. They never were able to substantiate a case against Martha or Jeff because of lack of evidence and so were forced to dismiss the case.

There are two "conspiracies" being investigated by the Tucson Grand Jury--one involves a group of people from the Los Angeles area, the other is primarily concerned with local Tucson people.

The first group is the one that believes in selective "talking" to the Grand Jury (thereby avoiding spending interminable amounts of time in jail) once you have determined that there is nothing you can say that would possibly get anyone in trouble. Their position is probably unique among Grand Jury defense tactics and has become known as Tucson's method. Hoff and Sowerwine however have followed the "No Talking" policy.

Gary Wilson, a black activist from Ann Arbor, has been underground for about two years after a shootout with police in Detroit--long before the indictments came down four months ago. Ann Bowen, speaking for the Justice Department, has said that all three will be reindicted as soon as they find Gary.

Ernie Olson, another Tucson activist, and subpoenaed witness to the case was convicted of contempt of court when he refused to testify. He is currently out on bail, waiting for the courts to review his appeal.

- 50 -

NEW CATALOGUE AVAILABLE FROM TIMES CHANGE PRESS

NEW YORK (LNS)-- A new catalogue is available from Times Change Press, illustrating both new and old art, posters, and posters. Some of the new art includes "The Consciousness" by a woman's consciousness--"The Consciousness"; "Born This and Memorized" by a woman's consciousness as well as older art, including "The Consciousness", "The Consciousness", "The Consciousness", etc.

Times Change Press, 10018 30th Ave., New York, NY, 10018 - 30-
more...

[Note to Editors: We included large excerpts from this new book put out by the Young Lords Party both because we thought it was good copy as copy and also to familiarize people with the book which we think should be gotten out to as many people as possible. Feel free to use as much as you have room for.]

EXCERPTS FROM PALANTE: "WE WANT TO GO OUT AND MAKE EVERYTHING SMELL SWEET"

[Editor's Note: Palante (which means "Forward" or "Right On" in Spanish) is not only the name of the Young Lords Party paper but also of a book of words and pictures which they put together about themselves. They did the book because:

"For the first two years [of the life of the Young Lords Party] the picture that the mass media has painted of us for the people has been, of course, very distorted. They have showed us, for the most part as faceless robots, a 'marxist-leninist street gang.' We are hoping that the book Palante will show through photos and interviews that we are human beings who are motivated to struggle out of feelings of love for our people.

We did not just spring up. We evolved out of a long Puerto Rican tradition of fighting oppression --from the Tainos and Yoruba tribes people who fought the forced slavery of the Spaniards, to the patriots who launched a revolt against the Spaniards and proclaimed the Republic in 1868, to the Nationalist Party of Puerto Rico led by Don Pedro Albizu Campos who led the armed struggle against the Americans in 1950 and 1954. We evolved from this history pushed on by the continued suffering of our people, who like poor people everywhere are ground up and tossed aside by the capitalist machine."

The book, which is in three parts is excerpted here. There are no excerpts from the last part, entitled, "The Party" because we felt a short excerpt would not be meaningful.

Mail order rates are paper--\$3.25 plus 25¢ postage = \$3.50 (regular bookstore price is \$3.95) and hardcover--\$7.50 plus 25¢ postage = \$7.75 (regular bookstore price is \$8.95).

Movement groups who would like to distribute quantities of the book can buy them in multiples of 10 at \$2.75 each, paid in advance. Unsold copies are returnable if undamaged.

The Lords have asked the underground press and movement groups to review the book and supply mail order ads in their papers. People could also get their local bookstore to stock it.

Send all requests to:

The Young Lords Party National Headquarters
Att. Palante Book
202 E. 117th St.
New York, N.Y., 10035

Payment should be by check or money order.]

IRIS MORALES

Both my mother and father came to New York in 1947. They met here at a dance, got married, and in 1948 I was born.

In Puerto Rico my father was a cane cutter. He was the oldest son of about nine children, so when things go rough, he came over here to make some money to be able to send back to the family.

My mother was the oldest of nine children also (an older sister had been killed by a lover). After her parents died she became the one who took care of all the other children, so she never knew any kind of childhood. My father worked in a hotel when he first came here, as a dishwasher. Then I guess he graduated to elevator operator -- and he's been there ever since.

My mother at first didn't work, she just devoted herself to having a family and taking care of the house -- the traditional role of women. But, financial things got kind of tight and she was forced to go out and get a job, and that's when problems between them started, because my father, in very strong Latin tradition, felt that was threatening -- that a woman should go out and work and have her own money and gain her own independence.

My mother didn't speak any English -- she still doesn't -- so I became the one that translated.

I was the one that was the go-between. This happens to a lot of older children in Puerto Rican families -- they become the link between the Puerto Rican culture and the American culture and the Puerto Rican way of life and the American institutions. They become, in a sense, the ones that come up against oppression the most.

For example, when the landlord comes to the house to pick up the rent, it's the oldest one who speaks English who has to translate for the mother. When they go down to the unemployment office, it's the oldest one who goes as a translator, or when they go to the hospital...

My sister and I slept in one room that was divided by a curtain into two. The baby slept on the other side of the curtain, and my sister and I slept in the same bed. It'd get so ridiculous, you'd fight over blankets, you'd fight over...I mean, everything is always very antagonistic in that kind of setting. You don't have any privacy, so that if you feel upset or you want to cry, you can't slam the door to your room and go upstairs -- you just lock yourself in the bathroom.

You could even hear the neighbors next door, there were always people out on the street...I remember when I got into a really big school thing, the guys in the summertime would be playing the congas and it'd get really noisy out on the block, and I'd get pissed at them because I couldn't do my schoolwork, you know.

I started doing organizing when I was young, I started out with the people in my building, trying to organize them into a tenants' group. I was about fifteen, and they thought I was crazy, 'cause what kind of woman goes around knocking on doors and telling people all this kind of stuff?

They just saw that I didn't have any respect -- and especially in my age group, you have to have respect for your family, and you have to learn how to cook and take care of children, because that's what your role is going to be. When I or my other

October 30, 1971

more...

sister would go out, my mother would say, "Well, you think you're a man -- you think you're a man."

You know, there used to be only four choices for the Puerto Rican woman -- housewife, prostitute, or drug addict, and then, when the society needed more labor for its sweatshops, she could become a worker.

Now there's a new choice open to her that threatens the existence of the family and the state itself: The Revolution.

FELIPE LUCIANO

We were very, very poor. My mother was separated from my father when she was three months pregnant with my sister. They had been married for about three years, and had had one baby right after the other. We went through the welfare scene -- the welfare syndrome as I call it -- always waiting for that check, anticipating that check, heart beating, mouth dry, arguing with each other. My brother, sister, and myself used to fight each other for scraps of food on the table.

When that welfare check was supposed to come, we used to run downstairs, open that mailbox. You played a game with yourself -- you turned the key very slowly and peeked in the box very slowly, and if that welfare check wasn't there, there were two reactions you used to have. Like when we wanted to be cruel, when we wanted to get back at my mother for a beating she'd given us, we used to go and tell her the check had come and then we'd tell her it hadn't. Otherwise we'd come up with morose-looking faces and say "The check didn't come." I remember those days, I remember almost begging for food.

Finally we moved to California to get away from New York and because my mother wanted to go back to my grandmother.

I had a lot of happiness, a lot of fun there because the environment was completely different. There were trees, there were horses, which I had never seen. They had a corral, a stable just a block away from the house. Just to see a horse, just to touch him was like another kind of world for me.

But it wasn't to last long. We stayed there for only four months. My father was supposed to send us money in a legal separation. But he didn't send it. He got very bitter when my mother took us away, it seems.

Without the money from him we couldn't survive because my grandmother couldn't take the burden. So we had to go back. And we had to ask the welfare in California for the money. I remember the very degrading experience of my mother having to go there and be insulted three, four times during that week.

We only had enough money to pay our train fare; we had no money for food. So my grandmother, in a little handkerchief, tied up all the coins she had. Of course, it didn't last as long as Union Station in L.A. But we left, and I'll never forget, man, we were starving, you know, literally.

starving on that train coming back. Big, plush train and no food. We would look at people -- you learn how to look at a person to let them know you're hungry -- and they'd give us a little tidbit, but it wasn't much.

On that train, hungry as we were, the only thing that saved us were some Black brothers working in the kitchen, and they saw us and we would walk in, we sat down and had some water in front of us. My mother with those little pennies bought some pastries and some coffee and tea because she couldn't afford any more.

And the cats knew we were starving, I don't know how they knew, but they just started bringing things to us -- burnt blueberry pie, I'll never forget it was burnt, but it was all they could afford, and they gave it to us. And that's how we survived -- by them giving us little things. I don't know where they are, man, but all power to them wherever they are.

BOBBY

When I was growing up, when I was a kid, the gangs were a very big thing. It was like hero worship. The heroes of the block were the Bad Motherfuckers and the Wizards. They were the thing we wanted to be, you know. I remember they used to kick each others' ass, fuck each other up real bad, man. They'd do all kinds of weird shit to each other. And I grew up in the middle of that.

Like, cats would come up to us and say, "Some day you guys will be the protectors of the block." Cause it was a thing where you protected your turf. All you had was your turf -- there was nothing else. All you had was this pride in being an hombre, in being bad and taking care of your people.

I became a Dragon when I was around fourteen. At that time the Dragons and the Viceroyes were the two big gangs in El Barrio. We had a thing where we fought each other. But we honored each other too. We used to talk about how bad the Viceroyes were. We used to tell stories about how bad Little Man was, and how bad this cat was, and how bad the other cat was. We'd try to, like, justify how strong we were when we went into battle.

That pride was the thing. Cause you had a feeling when you walked down the street you were somethin' -- fuck all the garbage and all the shit that was around you and how fucked-up your clothes were -- you were somebody, man.

You know, going down was like a mixture of fear and excitement. It would be like a military move -- one division would go to Fifth, another division would go to Madison, another division would go to Park, dig? You were afraid of what could happen. You were carrying a piece, and you didn't know if you were gonna get busted, dig. But the feeling of going down and proving yourself overcame all of that. It was actually a joy to go down.

You know, I shot this brother. It happened when I had stopped gang fighting. But something happened with my younger brother, and we had to go down. The brother who shot was an ex-Viceroy. Mc more...

and my brother burned him, man -- we put, like, seven bullets in him. It was a fucked-up thing, you dig, it was a fucked-up thing.

That brother is now a Lord. And we love each other, man. And the deep thing about it is, the brother's in a wheelchair. And still, you know, he's political enough and I'm political enough that we understand, you dig, why the shit went down -- it was the conditions we were living under. And that's why he and I now have dedicated our lives to fighting for the freedom of our people, so no more of our kids will fuck around like we did -- cause, like, we hurt him, and it's still there, you dig, and at the same time we hurt ourselves.

CARMEN

We came from Puerto Rico when I was a little girl -- my family were all Puerto Ricans who come from Guayama.

My father came to this country a very proud man, but he went to a factory to work -- that's the only job he could get -- and he was getting forty dollars a week. And here he started drinking wine and became what is commonly called an alcoholic.

At that time I had to become the head of the family. Being the eldest, I had to handle all the situations going on in the house -- and I was only ten, going on eleven, so I couldn't really do as good a job as I thought -- but I was trying hard. I got part-time jobs in different small stores, I went to school, I took care of the family, I made sure they ate, I picked my father out of the hallways when he got drunk, took him out of the places where he used to hang out.

My mother was with the family, but my mother is a woman who has been a house woman all her life. She's never been to school and she was never educated whatsoever. But in Puerto Rico she did a lot of work. She's a very fine cook, and she could organize parties and things like that. But here, she doesn't speak English, and she's at home all the time -- she doesn't know how to travel, she doesn't know how to do anything in the streets. I mean, here she couldn't learn any way -- because of my brother's handicap -- she has to stay home and sort of babysit and be a nursemaid for my baby brother.

I was here six months before I really started to run away...

I was so tired of seeing my father work so hard. There was not ever enough food, and they were always struggling to keep me well-dressed -- every day the same routine. I thought I could make it on my own and become wealthy. Like, I read in many places that kids run away from home and become owners of factories, and whatever. So I tried it. I ran the streets.

You start out -- you live in the subways, you sneak in halls and sleep, you steal babyfood from the supermarket cause it's the easiest thing, you could cop in your pockets, and that's what you eat. And then you hang around with the addicts, and these people see that you're so young, and they feed you -- if they had a piece of bread, they'd

share it with you. And sometimes charitable people take you into their homes and feed you a couple of eggs, but then they have to throw you out because they're afraid of the cops.

I went to the Bronx, and I shined shoes -- I shined a lot of shoes in my life. I slept in basements, and I fed myself, and did the best I could. I stole a bit, but you have to steal a lot to keep on living.

I met a lot of addicts in the street... I used to talk to them and they'd say, "Well, I feel good." And I said, "Well, maybe if I get high, I won't feel it, it won't bother me so much." And I started snorting with them -- you know, they would give me the bag when they were finished, and I would snort it and it felt good -- cause I would cop out for a couple of hours, and I could sleep, and I didn't cry, cause I didn't feel like crying.

So I started snorting, and then I watched them buy here and there -- and I said, "Man, I could get involved in that." And I tried buying a little -- two-dollar bags -- and then I met some people who needed a kid to give them the look of decent people. They would buy me clothes and take me with them, and give me a lot of dope. And for me it was like a Christmas present. Then I learned how to shoot up in my arm, and I kept on. And because I never used dope before -- I never knew what it was -- I got a really big head out of it.

I got up quite a big habit. I bought over a hundred dollars' worth of heroin every day so I could keep myself set up. It doesn't mean I was high -- just to keep myself from getting sick and having my fits.

I had myself this partner -- he's dead right now -- and we went out, and we set people up. Like, people would say, "I need half a load" -- that is, fifteen bags -- and we'd say, "yeah, we'll get it for you. We'll get the best there is in the market! Just give us the bread, wait right here, and don't worry. We'll get it for you." And we'd take the money.

Otherwise, we'd wait for Fridays -- in those days, everybody got paid on Friday. We'd wait by a train station and we'd follow people, and I would say, "Listen, I need a quarter for so-and-so," and then my partner would come in from behind, and I would stab them, or put a gun in their head. Or sometimes, when we had a gun, we would take their money away, knock people over the head, smash faces -- anything to get the money we needed.

My partner was about thirty-eight. He was an old man, he'd been on drugs all his life. One time we was shooting up on the roof, and he said the stuff was kind of heavy. He shot up first. He didn't have no veins any more, he was too old. He was shooting up in the head, the vein in the temple. He was shooting up there, and he miscalculated; he passed out. When I checked him out he was halfway dead, so I looked in his pocket and I took all the bread he had, and the set of works. I let him die there, and I tipped. That's the last time I saw my partner.

When I was sixteen they sent me up to Bellevue. I didn't want to stay there, but I started reading a

lot about different people that started on dope... I said, "If all this time I had to make money the way I make it...if I used that in a good purpose, I'd be rich pretty soon." And that was my first initiative to quit -- my capitalist initiative. The same bread I was making for dope, I was gonna make it for my pocket. I wanted to become rich, and own a car, and really look good.

I kicked the habit then, and I went upstate to Hudson for eighteen months. I was always rebelling in that place. They would put me in confinement, do any kind of thing. They tried to impress me so bad.

But then I found a kind woman, and she says to me, "Carmen, if you use your idea that you have here for the right purposes, I mean, you could really help your people." I said, "What people?" So she said, "Puerto Ricans." I said, "I ain't Puerto Rican! I'm in New York, I'm from New York. I'm an American citizen." I kept on telling her I was an American citizen. I said, "You're a New Yorker," and she said, "No, I'm African." And she started sort of giving me small training, small things to think about and make me proud of my people.

When I was in confinement, she would walk into my cell and talk to me and tell me how proud I should be of what I was. And when I came out of Hudson, I started checkin' things out, really checkin' em hard, and reading. And I was really getting to know my people, and many times I went down in the street, and "Hey, Carmen, I got something good -- you want some?" And I said, "No, man, you don't wanna kill me anymore -- I had enough."

And I started talking, constantly -- every time I would meet a junkie I would talk to him, and talk, and rap to him what happened to me. Out of ten junkies I would catch, one would quit. And that really done it to my pride, my ego. So I got to being proud of myself, and I have been clean since. Now I got three years, clean.

GEORGE

They sent me upstate to Children's Village. One time when my mother went up there to see me, they told her that she couldn't see me because I was under discipline. What happened was that they beat me up so bad that my mother, if she would have seen me, could have brought it back to court.

This guard, he had me with a bat, and my arm was swollen, my two eyes were swollen and my lip was broken. So he told my mother I was disciplined, and my mother had to turn back, all the way back to New York, you know, from upstate all the way back to New York.

I did five years up there till I was fifteen years old because every time they used to hit me, that made me so mad and I'd do the opposite of what they wanted me to do. So what happened is that I ended up doing five years there.

When I got out it was January. All winter I stood out of trouble because I was going to the center at 1111. From 12, 1962 to 1965, I was in the center at 1111. All these people, they talking about
Page 14 October 30, 1971 more...

when the summer came, I was looking for a baseball team to join -- you know, so I could keep out of trouble and stay out in the streets.

But it was hard to find a baseball team. I used to, like, ask a lot of people -- because I was lookin' and lookin' and lookin', and I couldn't find nothing -- there was nothing there to find, there was no baseball team, there was nothing. So I got bored, I started to get into trouble -- I started gang fighting. I assaulted this person, and they gave me four months on Rikers Island. First I went to the Tombs, since they didn't have an adolescent bureau at that time.

I was in the Tombs until my hearing came up -- that was a week. I pleaded guilty because I just wanted to get out of the Tombs because the Tombs is so fucked-up. I was forced, in a way, to plead guilty, and I went to Rikers Island.

Sometimes they would tell you to take a shower. In the shower, they got these clubs -- I don't know how I can say it -- it's a bad word... We used to call them rubber dicks because they were made out of rubber and they were hard, right. So they told me to take a shower, right. I thought I was just gonna take a shower, and they started hitting me with these rubber dicks.

I don't know if anybody knows how painful it feels to get hit with a rubber thing under the shower, man -- it opens up the meat of your skin, your pores, it really opens it up, and it stings like they're sticking a whole lot of knives into you. On one shot it feels like a million stings are hitting you -- and they just kept on beating me with that, and I was trying to get out of the shower because I was hurting, and they kept on pushing me under the shower and hitting me with these things.

After two weeks, like, I still had the pains. And every day they used to go in my cell and tell me to get up every time I heard the key. But I couldn't get up, so every day they used to hit me and hit me and hit me. This went on, for almost two weeks straight man, they kept on hitting me and shit.

When the brothers took over the Tombs, I was happy. In a way I almost cried. When they were broadcasting it over the radio I knew how it was, man, how they felt -- like when they said that roaches ran over the beds. It's true. In jail this is what happens -- the rats, the roaches.

When they give you coffee, the coffee tastes like rusty water, the oatmeal they give you in the morning tastes like glue, and the bread is so hard, man -- like, they have a joke in jail that says the bread is so hard that if it falls on your toe it breaks your toe, and it's really something like that -- it wouldn't break your toe, but it's hard.

Then they give you this thing called Spanish rice, man, and it really ain't Spanish rice -- what it is, man, is gooey rice. We got a brother over here in the Lords that made some gooey rice upstairs in the mess hall. His rice was bad, and everybody talked about it. But you know, I was

Lefty's rice, but they don't know the rice they give you in jail."

What prison did was put more larceny in my heart, you know. After prison I couldn't dig living in society. Every time I used to work and I used to see that foreman, he'd remind me of the prison guard. It always bothered me. Sometimes I used to be sewing, right, and I really wasn't tired or nothing but all of a sudden I used to stop my machine and walk away. When I was working for my boss, like, it would remind me so much of jail, it reminded me of working with people, man, that had tortured me, and this thing that was in me -- it was put into me while I was in jail.

One day I heard over the radio that the Young Lords Party had taken over a church. It was the first time I'd heard about them. I really didn't understand what it was about. I didn't know it was a revolutionary group. I didn't know they were fighting against pigs -- I just heard they took over a church, and I thought that they took it over just to help little kids, and it was, like, a group that used to help kids out and that was about it.

But that same night I went home after I heard that over the radio, and it was on television. I wanted to see how these guys took over the church, you know, what was happening, so I put the news on, and the first guy I see on television was my cousin. I didn't know that he was a Lord because I hadn't seen him for about six months. So, when I seen him on television I said, "Oh man, you mean my cousin's a Lord, man," and I was curious to find out what he was doin' in the Young Lords takin' over a church for a free breakfast program.

So, I went down there and I asked him what's the Lords about, and he explained to me it was a revolutionary group, it was a group that was fighting against the system -- they were trying to get better housing for the people, and he told me about the health thing -- in other words they were trying to help the Puerto Rican people, the Black people, all oppressed people.

So, like, I dug it because I knew I was oppressed, man, and this thing was something I was looking for a long, long time, right -- something I knew, like, was in me. The only thing was, there'd been no group there to tell me, "Well, come on, be in it" -- there was no group doing this you know. So I told my cousin I wanted to join.

When they told me we were going to take over Lincoln Hospital -- oh man, that was the happiest thing that happened to me in my whole life. In the meeting I told El, like, "Oh, man, that's beautiful, man." You know, he looked at me like I was crazy, because I was just a "Friend of the Lords" at that time, and he figured I was a little shook up, I'd be a little nervous, you know. First offensive or something like that -- but I wasn't, man.

This was something I wanted to do. Well, you know, when we took it over I was -- I guess, I wasn't even thinking of the pigs. I was really happy.

Even though I could have gotten killed in there, you know, or something like that -- because I'd been to Lincoln so many times.

One time, I seen a brother there, he was shot three times -- he was there on the table, you know, laying on the stretcher for two hours, two hours, man, with three bullets in him. I could see it if they would have took two x-rays and were waiting to see where the bullets were. I could see that, but they hadn't even brought them in for x-rays yet -- and he was waiting there for two hours with three bullets in him. And I seen old ladies with pains, you know, sitting down.

DENISE OLIVER

We don't want a revolution to happen after the revolution. We don't want to say, "Well, we want a socialist society, we want to have armed struggle," and after all that's over, still have to deal with the fact that women are oppressed.

Machismo is a word that is used to depict a certain tendency among Latin males. It doesn't mean that machismo doesn't exist among white males -- it's just not that obvious. Among white men, their whole machismo thing is, like, who can make better business deals or take over a large corporation. A man is respected by virtue of the money he has.

But since the Third World man doesn't have any money, he's respected by his fellows for how much balls he's got, and how much he can oppress women, and how many women he can take to bed and use and fuck over. So that although machismo is not just a Latin thing -- and we'd like to make sure that idea gets corrected -- it is more apparent in oppressed communities.

In Puerto Rican society, the woman is taught to cater to the needs of her family, in particular to the demands of her father or husband. She's taught that she is inferior in her own ways. Like, sometimes she is taught not to enjoy sex. The man, of course, can go out and enjoy it -- this is being very macho.

You see a lot of women with a black eye or scars on their face, and you know what's been going on at home -- their husband or their old man has been beating the shit out of em -- and there's nothing that they can do. You can't complain to anybody -- nobody else is gonna stand up for you, because that's supposedly the code of the streets. It's something that we're gonna have to educate our sisters and our brothers out of.

One of the things that I've noticed in most Puerto Rican homes is that the mealtime's really a drag. The woman cooks all day long for the family. Naturally, the first person she serves is her husband -- she may even serve him better food than everyone else, cause there may not be enough meat to go around. Okay, he sits down and eats a whole meal, then she serves the kids and whatever relatives are hangin' around and friends.

A lot of times there's not even enough food left for her to eat after she's been cooking since maybe two o'clock in the afternoon, or if there is, she eats by herself, and then she has all the dishes are left. #817. October 30, 1971 more...

to do. Meanwhile, everybody else has gone out to watch the ball game or out on the streets

I rebel against that when I go to people's homes, and the woman is up there serving me. I tell her I'm not gonna eat unless she sits down too at the table. It seems like a petty point, but after day after day of doing that, the woman starts hating the people that she's feeding. Frankly, I wouldn't blame her if she started poisoning the family

We have to have the kind of society where a woman can determine for herself whether or not she wants to have a child -- not on the basis of whether that child will eat, because all children will be eating and will be well-clothed and well-educated, but just on the basis of how many children she feels like having at that time.

Also, in a system such as ours, where abortion is kind of a forced thing -- sisters have to have abortions in hospitals where they may die. Carmen Rodriguez, one of our sisters, was the first woman to die of an abortion after the abortion law was passed in New York State. She died in Lincoln Hospital because she was operated on in the supply room in a hospital overrun with garbage, filth and decay, where the electrical wiring is all hanging out loose. She died because the doctor that did the abortion has to do too many a day -- so that after doing several he's very overtired, and he's very fuzzy about what he's doing.

We have decided that we say "Yes, we support abortion under a system where abortion is not forced, under a system where there is community control of abortions, of health services, of all institutions."

RICHIE PEREZ

We have been having a weekly male caucus to discuss the oppression of our sisters not only in the Party, but in our community in general, because we recognize machismo as one of the biggest problems in making our revolution.

It turned out to be very interesting, because even those brothers who felt that they were liberated turned out to be into a very heavy male chauvinist thing -- it was so deeply rooted in all of us. It was very painful for people to begin talking about their own private lives, cause, like, one of the things we all have is that we don't want anyone to know our deep, dark secrets.

And when you begin to talk with a group of thirty people or more about your attitude toward sisters and your sex life and your emotional problems, you get afraid that people are gonna laugh at you and think you're less of a man.

For instance, we had a situation where one of the brothers said that he had met a sister, and they just spent the entire evening talking with each other and getting to know each other -- they slept in the same bed and they didn't make love. He found it very hard to tell us this, because he was afraid that everyone would laugh at him. And a lot of the brothers, looking out at their own male chauvinism, did think that he was a fool for that. See, if you're involved with a

woman, there's only one reason you should be there -- to make love, because a woman is a sexual object, she's not a human being that you talk to, and learn about and get to know.

The brother went through a lot of changes to tell us, but then the people who laughed at him were put through a lot of changes themselves -- because they had to examine how they were looking at the sisters they were relating to. What they wanted to relate to was getting down to business. A lot of people when they were told, "Well, you're just looking at a sister as a piece of meat," got very uptight about it. They said, "Well, it's a natural thing, that's the way men look at women and women look at men."

We've talked about all kinds of things, like the fact that brothers don't know how to talk about sisters. Words like "broad" and "chick" are negative terms -- again, they take away the humanness of the people that you're applying them to, and make them into objects. Of course, no brother would like to be referred to as, "That's my stud," or something like that.

Instead of saying "manpower," we're trying to now use the word "peoplepower," cause we're not only talking about men -- we're talking about brothers and sisters. This isn't an organization of just men. At first, people said, "well, it's just words. Terminology doesn't mean anything, you know, it's how you really feel." We had to break that down. Words do show an attitude, and if you want to change that attitude, you have to begin by changing the words that you're using to describe people.

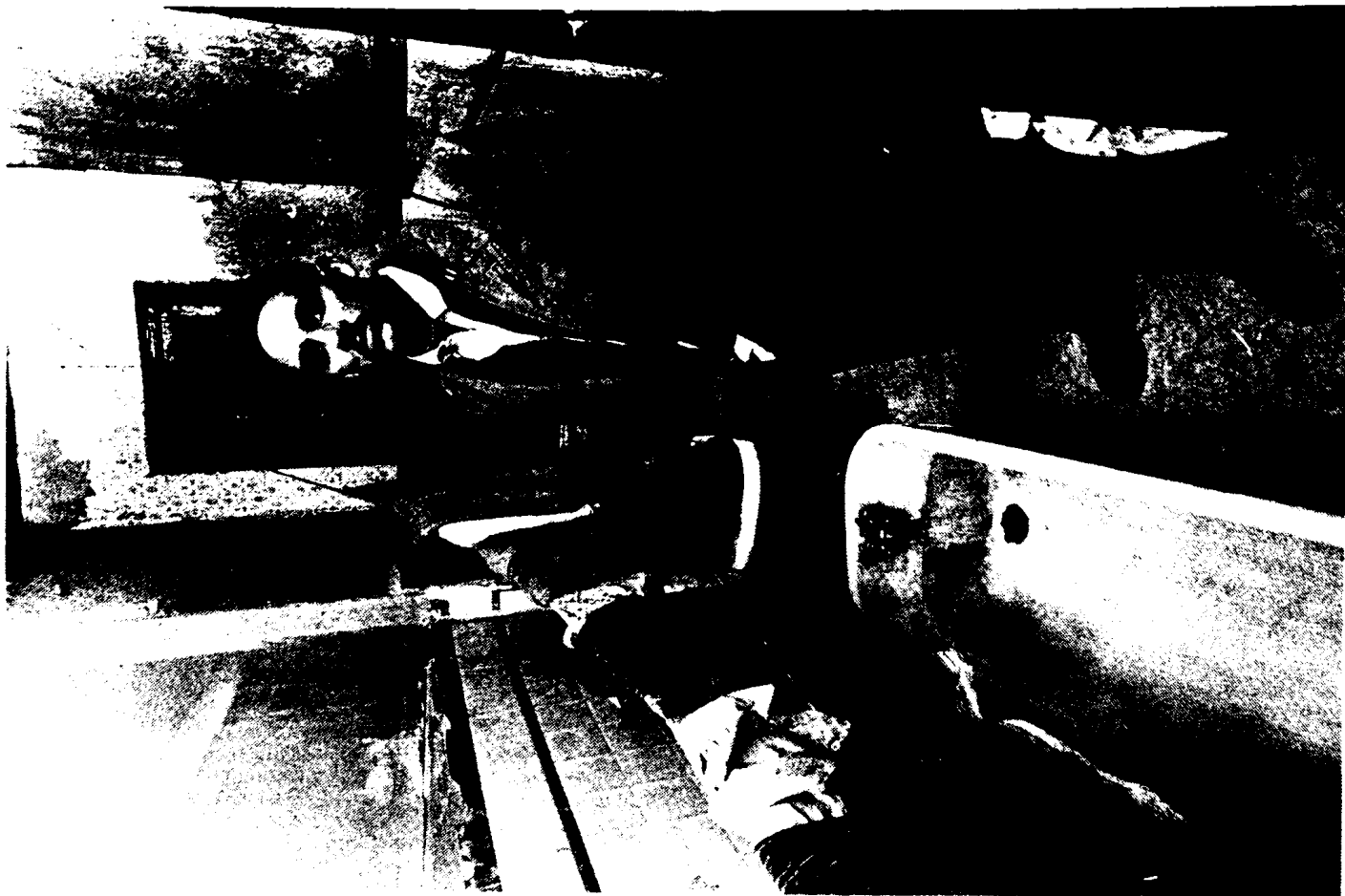
Another thing we talked about was how you relate to sisters honestly. You know, if you want to go to bed with someone, how do you let them know that? Do you give them a whole rap about how much you love them and how much you want to spend the rest of your life with them, or do you tell them honestly, "I dig you and let's go to bed"?

So we rapped about that, and then we went from one extreme to another where brothers who used to have this long, complicated, bullshit rap, started coming on to sisters -- like, they'd meet a sister and three hours later they'd be telling her, "Yeah, I dig you. Why don't we make it?" which was, like, again, not what we're talking about.

PABLO "YORUBA" GUZMAN

Media people often ask me, "Well, where do you plan to go? Where is the revolution gonna go? And it's hard to explain to them that I know where it's gonna go just by looking at the Young Lords Party.

You know that somehow the Party has created -- I don't like to use the word "refuge," because we don't bury our heads in it -- it's created for us a working alternative to what happens under capitalism. That alternative lives in the middle of a whole lot of shit, and because it's in the middle of a whole lot of shit and we can still smell it that alternative makes us want to go out there and make everything smell sweet.



PHOTOS FROM 1 ALANIL -- see page 11

"Cauldwell Avenue, Bronx, New York, November 1970."

Credit Michael Abramson-LNS.

"Rally in support of Prison Rebellions, September 1970 "

Credit Michael Abramson-LNS.



NOTES on "Free Lunch" - see page 11

"Free lunch" - "Lunch", Second People's Church, October, 1970."

Credit: Michael Abramson/LNS

We decided to begin a free clothing program when the Department of Welfare cut the checks to 66 cents a day in New York City and the younger brothers and sisters had to go to school with three-year-old clothing. Also the children's clothing is expensive to the fact that our people are the ones who are those clothes in the garment district and they have to pay for them, when they are ripped and torn."

Credit: Michael Abramson/LNS

FOR MORE INFORMATION, CONTACT:

Michael Abramson, LNS

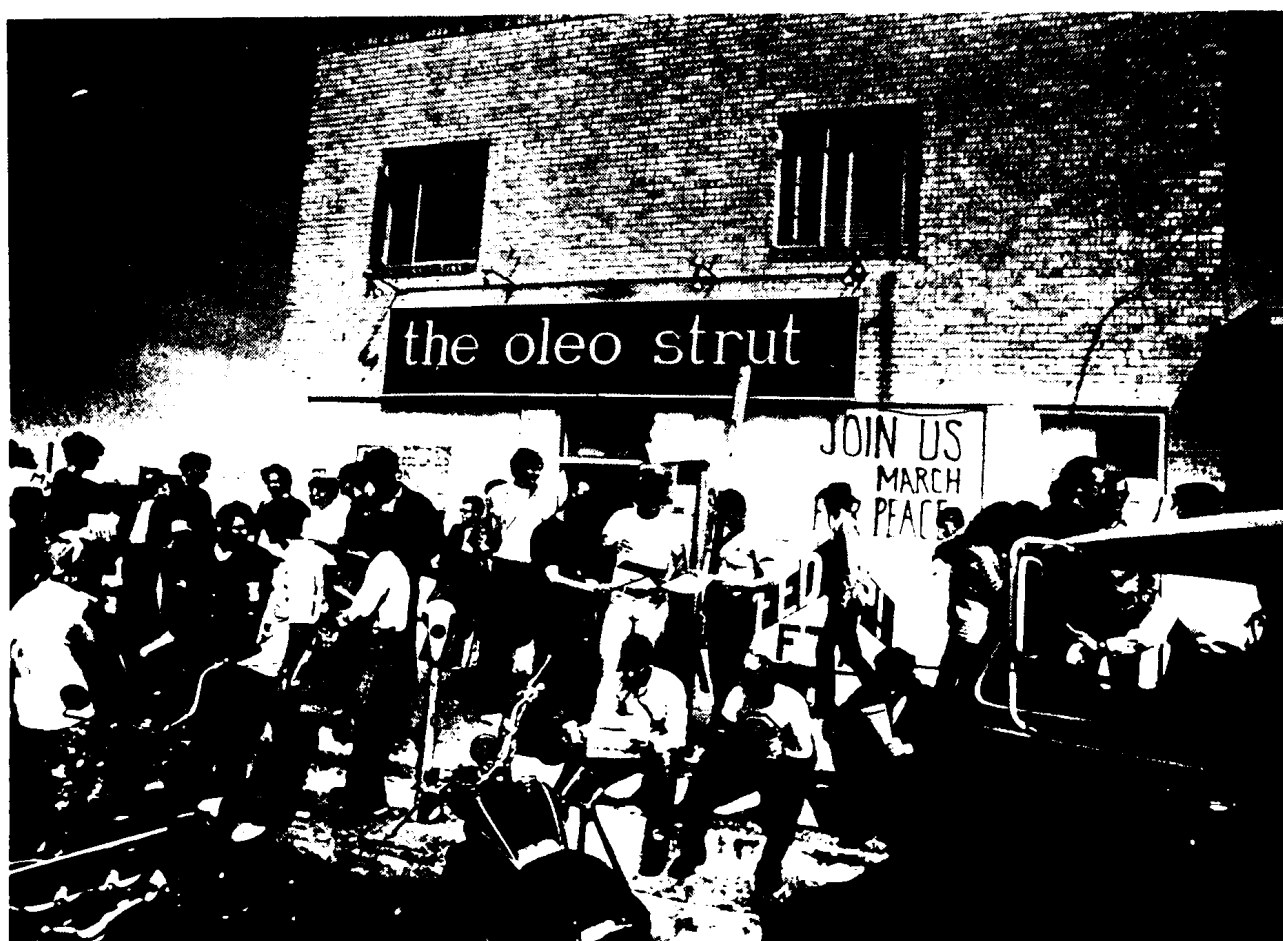


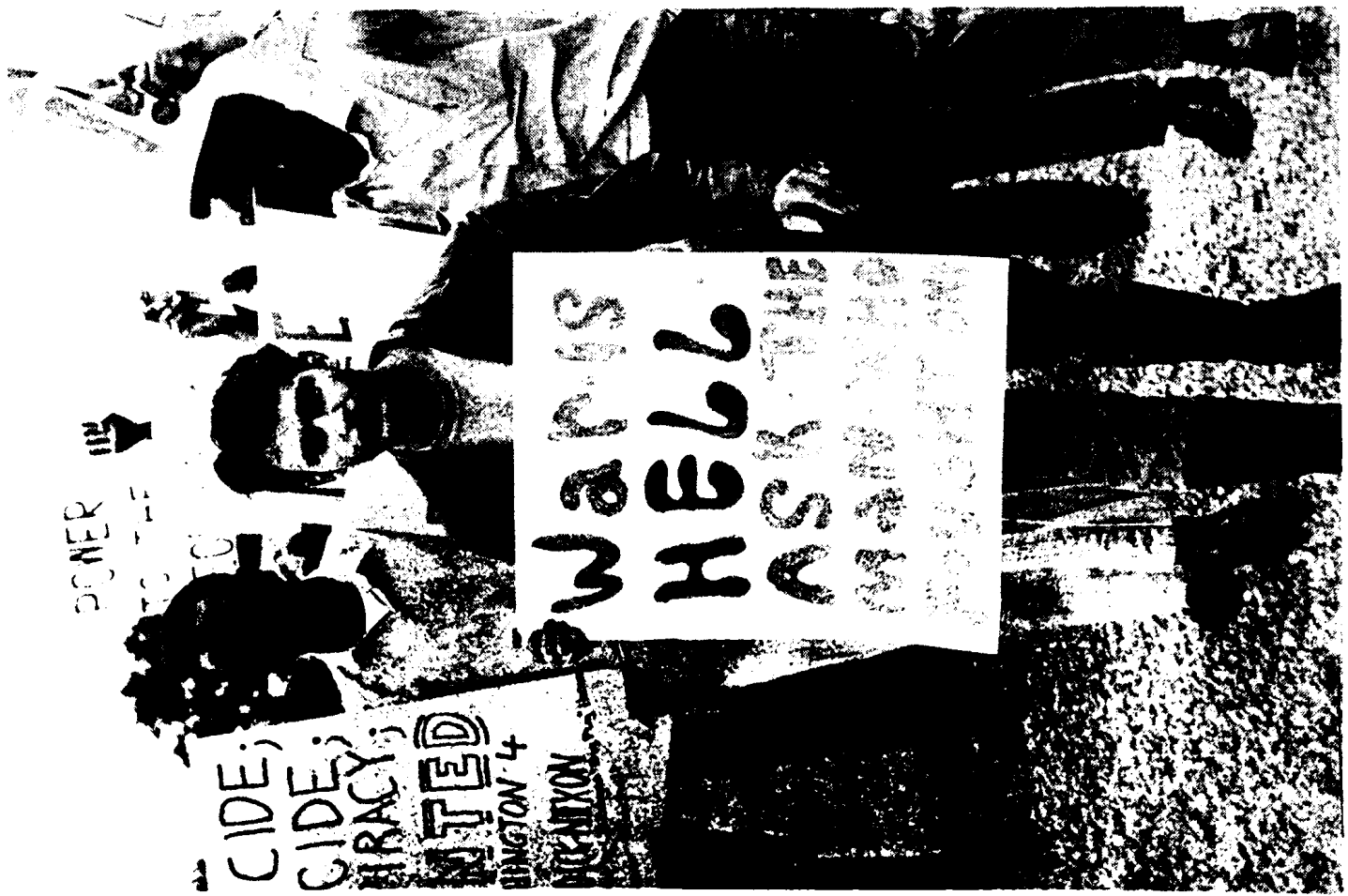
Photo of a street in Vientiane, Laos. See story on page 4.

Credit: Ed Rasen, PNS, LNS

Just before the Veteran's Day march in Killeen, Texas.

See story on page 4.

Credit: The Dag Lys



photos from the GI March in Fort Campbell, Kentucky.

See story on page 9.

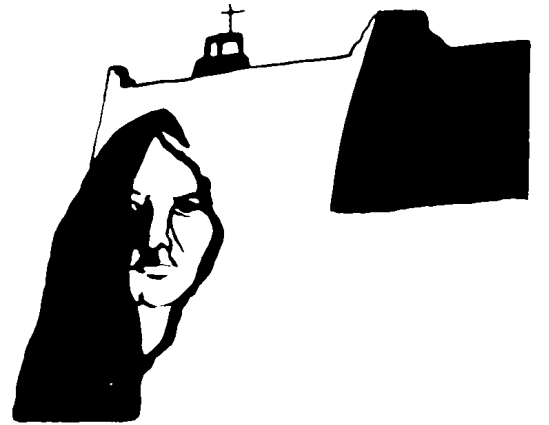
Credit: GI March Committee, LNS



Rini Templeton



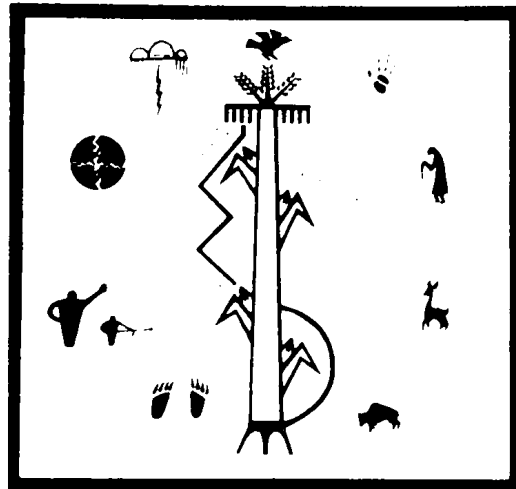
Jasper Gomez



Glynn Gomez



Kris Holvad



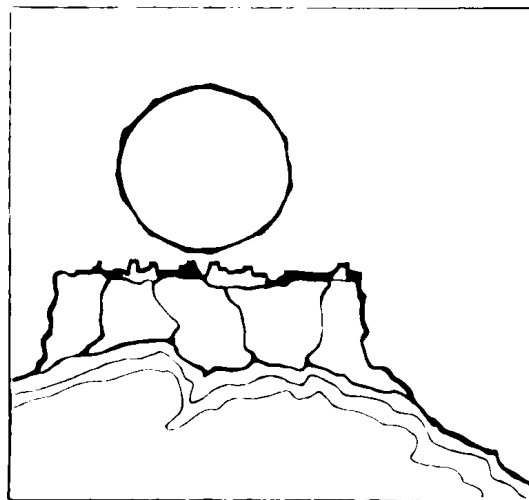
R.D. Shorty



Rini Templeton



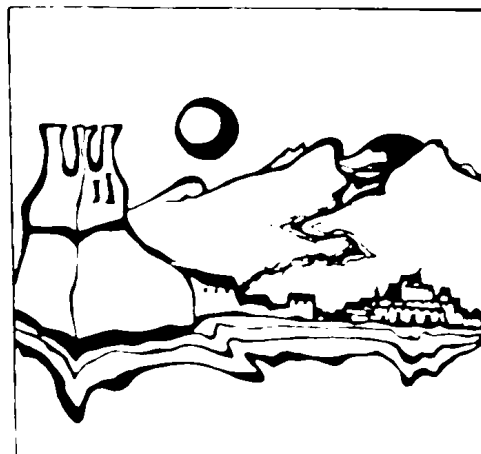
Kris Holvad



John De Puy



Rini Templeton



John De Puy

John De Puy



Glynn Gomez

The graphics on the calendar are from a 1971 calendar designed and silkscreened by the Taller Grafico de la Cooperativa Agricola del Pueblo de Tierra Amarillo, New Mexico. The calendar measures about 5 1/2" by 11" and is made of heavy paper.

"The Taller Grafico is helping families from the mountainous Northern New Mexico region, who are working to open a medical, dental and family planning center, to design a silk screen workshop (Taller Grafico) and a program for a legal services project, a grocery store and a health center. La Cooperativa is attempting to reverse the tide of the people being forced off their land in favor of big agribusiness.

"About the artists: Jasper Gomez is an ex-marine who lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico, a Navajo illustrator and carver, has worked in Utah and has lived in Utah. Jasper Gomez is a high school student from Santa Fe, New Mexico. Kris Hotvedt is a print-maker from Santa Fe, New Mexico. Tompkins is a sculptor and graphic artist who lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico. John De Puy has painted land and architectural designs in New Mexico for many years...Samuel Leyba is a young Navajo artist from Santa Fe who works with La Gente." -- The Taller Grafico by Taller Grafico

They are asking for donations of \$5.00 for each calendar. Checks should be made payable to La Cooperativa, and mailed to:

Taller Grafico de la Cooperativa
Cooperativa Agricola del Pueblo de Tierra Amarillo
New Mexico, Tierra Amarillo
New Mexico 87675

(Don't forget to include your zip code with your address.)